

Vol. III — No. 6

The Pathfinder

DECEMBER, 1908

Poems of
Madison Cawein

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE
FIFTY CENTS A YEAR · TEN CENTS A COPY

Entered at the post-office at Sewanee as second-class matter

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subscriptions for volume three, beginning July, 1908, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After October 1 the rate will be 75 cents; after March 1, one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies may be purchased privately. THE PATHFINDER will undertake to furnish such on request.

Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand.

Unless notified to discontinue at the expiration of a subscription, it is assumed that the subscription is continued.

Remittances may be sent in stamps, but Money-Order is preferred.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER

PROEM

By Madison Carwein

POEMS OF MADISON CAWEIN

By Glen Levin Swiggett

POEMS (ORIGINAL AND REPRINTED)

By Madison Carwein

MALIBRAN

By Roy Temple House

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

REPRINT FROM MILTON (Back Cover Page)

This journal is published monthly at THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.

The subscription price is Fifty Cents a year, or Seventy-five Cents when sent to a foreign country. Single copies are Ten Cents.

All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.

The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in *little* devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

The Pathfinder

Vol. III]

DECEMBER, 1908

[No. 6

PROEM

By MADISON CAWEIN

Reprinted from *Myth and Romance*

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no metre that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.—
If the wind and the brook and the bird would teach
My heart their beautiful parts of speech,
And the natural art that they say these with,
My soul would sing of beauty and myth
In a rhyme and a metre that none before
Have sung in their love, or dreamed in their lore,
And the world would be richer one poet the more.

*POEMS OF MADISON CAWEIN**By* GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT

Not many years ago one whom some like to call the dean of American letters, sensed with critical instinct a genuine lyric quality in the verse of a young Kentucky poet, born in Louisville, March 23, 1865. Mr. Howell's estimate of Madison Cawein has assumed a larger promise in the deserved praise which the poet's maturing genius has won for him from England's best critics. Edmund Gosse, Arthur Symonds and the English reviews have given him, frankly and honestly, a leading, if not the foremost, place among our many excellent singers. No small meed for a life and work as devoted in this day to the ideal of beauty in song as was that of von der Vogelweide, de Born, Petrarca, Garcilaso, Keats or Lanier in theirs. And this too when one considers the fair number of minor lyric writers in America to-day, the quality of whose work in some respects has seldom been surpassed. The only thing necessary to make this 'poetry great is some sincere and ringing purpose, a devotion to some cause out of our national and social welfare.

And it is just here that one finds the only lack in the wide range of Cawein's previously published verse; where every note in the gamut of beauty seems touched with the rare prescience and sentience of the Greek in his artless achievement. In a restricted sense Cawein's cult is Nature, a nature that *cannot* be devoid of human interest, so luring is its appeal to the love of beauty denied not to the most sordid soul. We should but repeat if we compared him with Keats. In exquisite forms, varying with the lyric intent, a melody of caressing sweetness, a poetic power of rare degree for penetrating Nature's haunts and listening to her eld-time secrets, Cawein has created through his verse "his own beautiful fable of life," none the less real for being ideal.

Living over again in spirit and expressing fully as well the *dolce far niente* verse, the poetry of romance, of some of his English masters, it might seem that Cawein were a singer out of time. Read between the lines, however, and one can find far back in his work some hint of poetic indignation over human ills. Only a hint, however! merely a lyric cry like that of a bird in its sleep. In his later verse this will grow to fuller utterance. The overmastering sense of

duty, though it may be subconscious, the poet's obligation to use his gift for the righting of human wrongs—didactic if you will—must come to him as it came to Dante, Milton, Hugo, if he is to rank as a great poet, as we are fain to believe he will when his muse ceases to be wholly complaisant.

In this belief *The Pathfinder of Sewanee* is privileged to offer to its readers a series of sonnets so unlike the verse that one calls to mind when one thinks of the Kentucky poet. He has here passed beyond his grasp in *The Old Herb-Man*, praised so highly by Arthur Symons.

We also reprint a few poems in order to give a better idea of the range and beauty of his poetry. The following are the first editions of his works :

Blooms of the Berry, 1887; *The Triumph of Music*, 1888; *Accolon of Gaul*, 1889; *Lyrics and Idyls*, 1890; *Days and Dreams*, 1891; *Moods and Memories*, 1892; *Red Leaves and Roses*, 1893; *Poems of Nature and Love*, 1893; *Intimations of the Beautiful*, 1894; *The White Snake*, 1895; *Undertones*, 1896; *The Garden of Dreams*, 1896; *Idyllic Monologues*, 1898; *Shapes and Shadows*, 1898; *Myth and Romance*, 1899; *Weeds by the Wall*, 1901; *One Day and Another*, 1901; *Kentucky Poems*, 1902; *A Voice on the Wind*, 1902; *The Vale of Tempe*, 1905; *Nature Notes and Impressions*, 1906; *Poems of Madison Cawein*, 1907; *An Ode in Commemoration of the Founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony*, 1908.

*SHADOWS IN THE NIGHT**THE HERB-GATHERER*

A gray, bald hillside, bristling here and there
With leprous-looking grass, that, knobbed with
stones,
Slopes to a valley where a wild stream moans,
And every bush seems tortured to despair,
And shows its teeth of thorns, as if to tear
All things to pieces: where the skull and bones
Of some dead beast protrude, like visible groans,
From one bleak place the winter rains washed bare.
Amid the desolation, in decay,
Like some half-rotted fungus, gray as slag,
A hut of lichened logs: and near it, old,
Unspeakingly old, a man, the color of clay,
Sorting damp roots and herbs into a bag,
With trembling hands purple and stiff with cold.

THE TOWN WITCH

Crab-faced, crab-tongued, with deep-set eyes that
glared;
Unfriendly and unfriended lived the crone
Upon the common, in her hut, alone,
Past which but seldom any villager fared.
Some said she was a witch and rode wild-haired
To devils' revels; on her hearth's rough stone
A fiend sat ever with gaunt eyes that shone,
A shaggy hound whose fangs at all were bared
So one day, when a neighbor's cow had died
And someone's infant sickened, *good* men shut
The crone in prison; dragged to court and tried;

Then hung her for a witch and burnt her hut.
Days after, on her grave, all skin and bones
They found the dog, and him they killed with stones.

THE VILLAGE MISER

The dogs made way for him and snarled and ran;
And little children to their parents clung
Big-eyed with fear, when, gruff of look and tongue,
Bent-backed he passed who had the village ban.
In old drab coat and trousers, shoes of tan,
And searecrow hat, from some odd fashion sprung,
A threadbare cloak about his shoulders flung,
Grasping a crooked stick, limped by this man.
Unspeaking and unspoken to, but oft
Cursed after for a miser as he passed,
Or barked at by the dogs who feared his cane.
One day they found him dead — killed in his loft,
Among his books, the hoard which he had massed.
And then they laughed and swore he was insane.

THE INFANTICIDE

She took her babe, the child of shame and sin,
And wrapped it warmly in her shawl and went
From house to house for work. Propriety bent
A look of wonder on her; raised a din
Of Christian outrage. None would take her in.
All that she had was gone, had long been spent.
Penniless and hungry by the road she leant,
No friend to go to and no one of kin.
The babe at last began to cry for food:
Her breasts were dry; she had no milk to give.
She was so tired and cold. What could she do?—
The next day in a pool within a wood
They found the babe. 'Twas hard enough to live,
She found, for one; impossible for two.

THE RAG-PICKER

A pond of filth a sewer flows into,
Around whose edge the evil ragweeds crowd,
Poison in every breath; and, cloud on cloud,
Insects that sing and sting, the pool's fierce spew.
All hideousness, from every street and stew,
And every stench weaves for the place a shroud;
And in its midst a figure, bent and bowed,
A woman who no girlhood ever knew.
Some offal of humanity she seems,
One with the rags she picks and scrapes among,
More soiled, perhaps, in soul; the veriest rag
Of womankind, whose squalor looks and dreams
Of nothing higher than the cart that flung
Its last load here from which she crams her bag.

THE BOY IN THE RAIN

Sodden and shivering in the mud and rain,
Half in the light that serves but to reveal
The blackness of an alley and the reel
Homeward of wretchedness in tattered train,
A boy stands crouched; big drops of drizzle drain
Slow from a rag that was a hat; no steel
Is harder than his look, that seems to feel
More than his small life's share of woe and pain.
The pack of papers, huddled by his arm,
Is pulp; and still he hugs the worthless lot.—
A door flares open to let out a curse
And drag him in, out of the night and storm. . .
Out of the night, you say?—*You* know not what!
To blacker night, God knows! and hell, or worse!

*THE MOUNTAIN STILL**THE MOONSHINER*

He leans far out and watches; down below
The road seems but a ribbon through the trees;
The bluff, from which he gazes, whence he sees
Some ox-team or some horseman come and go,
Is briered with brush. A man comes riding slow
Around a bend of road. Against his knees
The branches whip. He sits at careless ease.
It is the sheriff, armed for any foe.
A detonation tears the echoes from
Each pine-hung crag: upon the rider's brow
A smear of red springs out: he shades it now,
His gray eyes on the bluff. The crags are dumb.
Smoke wreathes one spot. The sheriff, with a cough,
Marks well that place, and then rides slowly off.

THE SHERIFF

Night and the mountain road: a crag where burns
What seems a star, low down: three men that glide
From tree and rock towards it: one a guide
For him who never from his purpose turns,
Who stands for law among these mountain kerns.
At last the torch-lit cave, along whose side
The still is seen, and men who have defied
The law so long — law, who the threshold spurns
With levelled weapons now. Wolves in a den
Fight not more fiercely than these fought; wild fear
In every face, and rage and pale surprise.
The smoke thins off, and in the cave four men
Lie dead or dying: one that mountaineer,
And one the sheriff with the fearless eyes.

AN EPISODE

I

There was a man rode into town one day,
Barefooted, hatless and without a coat.
It was the dead of winter. 'Round his throat
Were marks of violence: bits and wisps of hay
Bristled his beard and hair. From far away
We saw him coming; desolate and remote
And wild his gaze, that of no thing took note,
Or seeming note; and nothing would he say.
But when he'd had a drink, then drunk some more,
He told us he had sold tobacco; see?
And all was lost. At that he caught his breath.
Last night a knock came at his cabin door.
His son, who answered, was shot dead. And he
Was caught and choked and almost beat to death.

II

They said he'd sold tobacco; and he knew
They ought to kill him, burn his house and barn,
And *would* unless he gave them (this with scorn)
The money he'd received. What could he do?
He had a little money, it was true,
Hid in an old pot underneath the corn
There in the crib, he told them. 'Twas a yarn
To get away. They were a desperate crew.
They set to work upon the crib; and he
Got loose and on a horse and took to flight:
They shot at him.—Whatever might occur
He did not care now: they had burned, you see,
His home: for miles its glare lit up the night.—
His wife and daughters?—God knows where they
were.

CONSECRATION

I

This is the place where visions come to dance,
Dreams of the trees and flowers, glimmeringly,
Where the white moon and the pale stars can see,
Sitting with Legend and with dim Romance.
This is the place where all the silvery clans
Of music meet: music of bird and bee;
Music of falling water; melody
Mated with magic, with her golden lance.
This is the place made holy by Love's feet,
And dedicate to wonder and to dreams,
The ministers of Beauty. 'Twas with these
Love filled the place, making all splendors meet
And all despairs, as once in woods and streams
Of Ida and the gold Hesperides.

II

Here is the place where Loveliness keeps house,
Between the river and the wooded hills,
Within a valley where the Springtime spills
Her firstling windflowers under blossoming boughs:
Where Summer sits braiding her warm white brows
With bramble roses; and where Autumn fills
Her lap with asters; and old Winter frills
With crimson haw and hip his snowy blouse.
Here you may meet with Beauty. Here she sits
Gazing upon the moon; or, all the day,
Tuning a woodthrush-flute, remote, unseen:
Or when the storm is out 'tis she who flits
From rock to rock, a form of flying spray,
Shouting, beneath the leaves' tumultuous green.

III

The road winds upward under whispering trees,
Through grass and clover where the dewdrop winks,
And at the hill's green crest abruptly sinks
Into a valley boisterous with bees
And brooks and birds. Its beauty seems to seize
And take one's breath with rapture, joy that drinks
The soul's cup dry while dreamily it links
Present and past with mortal memories.
Or so it seems to us who, heart to heart,
Come back the old way through the dusk and dew
With all our old dreams with us, blossom-deep
With love: old dreams, this vale has made a part
Of its unchanging self, the dreams come true,
That consecrate it and still guard and keep.

IV

Keep it, O dim recorders of gray years,
And memories of bygone happiness!
This vale among the hills where Love's distress
And rapture walked, beautiful with smiles and tears.
Guard it for Love's sake, and for what endears
Its every tree and flower, each fond caress,
Each look of Love with which he once did bless
The paths he wandered, filled with hopes and fears.
Guard it for that sure day when, far apart,
Life's ways have led us, and with Memory
One shall sit down here where two sat with Love:
Keep it for that time; keep it, like my heart,
Haunted forever by that ecstasy
And by those words its bowers still whisper of.

RAINLESS

The locust builds its arc of sound
And tops it with a spire ;
The roadside leaves pant to the ground
With dust from hoof and tire.

The insects, day and night, make din,
And with the heat grow shriller ;
And everywhere great spiders spin,
And crawls the caterpillar.

The wells are dry ; the creeks are pools ;
Weeds cram their beds with bristles ;
And when a wind breathes, naught it cools,
The air grows white with thistles.

For months the drouth has burned and baked
The wood and field and garden ;
The flower-plots are dead ; and, raked,
Or mown, the meadows harden.

The Summer, sunk in godlessness,
From quarter unto quarter
Now drags, now lifts a dusty dress,
That shows a sloven garter.

The child of Spring, it now appears,
Has turned a drab, a harlot,
Death's doxy, who beside her leers
In rags of gold and scarlet.

ATTRIBUTES

I saw the daughters of the Dawn come dancing o'er the hills:

The wind of Morn danced with them, oh, and all the elves of air:

I saw their ribboned roses blow, their gowns of daffodils,
As over eyes of sapphire tossed the wild gold of their hair.

I saw the summer of their feet imprint the earth with dew,
And all the wildflowers open eyes in joy and wonderment:

I saw the sunlight of their hands waved at each bird that flew,
And all the birds, as with one voice, to their wild love gave vent.

"And, oh!" I said, "how fair you are! how fair! how very fair!—

Oh, leap, my heart! and laugh, my heart! as laughs and leaps the Dawn!—

Mount with the lark and sing with him and cast away your care!

For love and life are come again and night and sorrow gone!"

I saw the acolytes of Eve, the mystic sons of Night,
Come pacing through the ancient wood in hoods of hodden-gray:

Their sombre cloaks were pinned with stars, and each one bore a light,

A moony lanthorn, and a staff to help him on his way.

I heard their mantles rustle by, their sandals, whispering,
sweep,
And saw the wildflowers bow their heads and close
their lovely eyes:
I saw their shadows pass and pass, and with them
Dreams and Sleep,
Like children with their father, went, in dim and
ghostly guise.

"And, oh!" I said, "how sad you are! how sad! how
wondrous sad!—
Oh, hush, my heart! be still, my heart! and, like the
dark, be dumb!
Be as the wildrose there that dreams the perfect hour it
had,
And cares not if the day be past and death and dark-
ness come."

HAUNTERS OF THE SILENCE

There are haunters of the silence, ghosts that hold the
heart and brain:
I have sat with them and hearkened; I have pled with
them in vain:
I have shuddered from their coming, yet have run to meet
them there,
And have cursed them and have blessed them and have
loved them to despair.

At my door I see their shadows; in my walks I meet
their ghosts;
Where I often hear them weeping or sweep by in
withered hosts:

Perished dreams, gone like the roses, crumbling by like
autumn leaves;

Phantoms of old joys departed, that the spirit eye per-
ceives.

Oft at night they sit beside me, fix their eyes upon my
face,

Demon eyes that burn and hold me, in whose deeps my
heart can trace

All the past; and where a passion,—as in Hell the ghosts
go by,—

Turns an anguished face toward me with a love that
cannot die.

In the night-time, in the darkness, in the blackness of the
storm,

Round my fireplace there they gather, flickering form on
shadowy form:

In the daytime, in the noontide, in the golden sunset glow,
On the hilltops, in the forests, I have met them walking
slow.

There are haunters of the silence, ghosts that hold the
brain and heart:

In the mansion of my being they have placed a room
apart:

There I hear their spectre raiment, see their shadows on
the floor,

Where the raven, Sorrow, darkens Love's pale image
o'er my door.

*REPRINTS FROM CAWEIN'S POEMS**TO A WINDFLOWER*

Reprinted from *Myth and Romance*

Teach me the secret of thy loveliness,
That, being made wise, I may aspire to be
As beautiful in thought, and so express
Immortal truths to earth's mortality;
Though to my soul ability be less
Than 'tis to thee, O sweet anemone.

Teach me the secret of thy innocence,
That in simplicity I may grow wise;
Asking from Art no other recompense
Than the approval of her own just eyes;
So may I rise to some fair eminence,
Though less than thine, O cousin of the skies.

Teach me these things; through whose high
knowledge, I,—
When Death hath poured oblivion through
my veins,
And brought me home, as all are brought, to lie
In that vast house, common to serfs and
Thanes,—
I shall not die, I shall not utterly die,
For beauty born of beauty — *that* remains.

HER PORTRAIT

Reprinted from *Myth and Romance*

Were I an artist, Lydia, I
Would paint you as you merit,
Not as my eyes, but dreams, descry;
Not in the flesh, but spirit.

The canvas I would paint you on
Should be a bit of heaven;
My brush, a sunbeam; pigments, dawn
And night and starry even.

Your form and features to express,
Likewise your soul's chaste whiteness,
I'd take the primal essences
Of darkness and of brightness.

I'd take pure night to paint your hair;
Stars for your eyes; and morning
To paint your skin—the rosy air
That is your limbs' adorning.

To paint the love-bows of your lips,
I'd mix for colors, kisses;
And for your breasts and finger-tips,
Sweet odors and soft blisses.

And to complete the picture well,
I'd temper all with woman,—
Some tears, some laughter; heaven and hell,
To show you still are human.

THE SOLITARY

Reprinted from *The Vale of Tempe*

Upon the mossed rock by the spring
She sits, forgetful of her pail,
Lost in remote remembering
Of that which may no more avail.

Her thin, pale hair is dimly dressed
Above a brow lined deep with care,
The color of a leaf long pressed,
A faded leaf that once was fair.

You may not know her from the stone
So still she sits who does not stir,
Thinking of this one thing alone —
The love that never came to her.

THE OLD HERB-MAN

Reprinted from *The Vale of Tempe*

On the barren hillside lone he sat;
On his head he wore a tattered hat;
In his hand he bore a crooked staff;
Never heard I laughter like his laugh,
On the barren hillside, thistle-hoar.

Cracked his laughter sounded, harsh as woe,
As the croaking, thinned, of a crow:
At his back hung, pinned, a wallet old,
Bulged with roots and simples caked with mould:
On the barren hillside in the wind.

Roots of twisted twin-leaf; sassafras;
Bloodroot, tightly whipped 'round with grass;
Adder's-tongue; and, tipped brown and black,
Yellowroot and snakeroot filled his pack,
On the barren hillside, winter-stripped.

There is nothing sadder than old age;
Nothing saddens more than that stage
When, forlornly poor, bent with toil,
One must starve or wring life from the soil,
From the barren hillside, wild and hoar.

Down the barren hillside slow he went,
Cursing at the cold, bowed and bent;
With his bag of mould, herbs and roots,
In his clay-stained garments, clay-caked boots,
Down the barren hillside, poor and old.

*VAGABONDS*Reprinted from *The Vale of Tempe*

I

It's ho, it's ho! when hawtrees blow
Among the hills that Springtime thrills;
When huckleberries, row on row,
Hang out their blossom-bells of snow
Around the rills that music fills:
 When hawtrees blow
 Among the hills,
It's ho, it's ho! oh, let us go,
My love and I, where fancy wills.

II

It's hey, it's hey! when daisies sway
Among the meads where Summer speeds;
When ripeness bends each fruited spray,
And harvest wafts adown the day
The feathered seeds of golden weeds:
 When daisies sway
 Among the meads,
It's hey, it's hey! oh, let's away,
My heart and I, where longing leads.

III

It's ay, it's ay! when red leaves fly,
And strew the ways where Autumn strays;
When 'round the beech and chestnut lie
The sturdy burs, and creeks run dry,
And frosts and haze turn golds to grays:
 When red leaves fly
 And strew the ways,
It's ay, it's ay! oh, let us hie,
My love and I, where dreaming says.

IV

Wassail! wassail! when snow and hail
 Make white the lands where Winter stands;
 When wild winds from the forests flail
 The last dead leaves, and, in the gale,
 The trees wring hands in ghostly bands:
 When snow and hail
 Make white the lands,
 Wassail, wassail! oh, let us trail,
 My heart and I, where love commands.

LATE OCTOBER WOODS

Reprinted from *The Vale of Tempe*

Clumped in the shadow of the beech,—
 In whose brown top the crows are loud,—
 Where, every side, great briers reach
 And cling like hands,—the beechdrops crowd
 The mossy cirque with neutral tints
 Of gray; and deep, with berries bowed,
 The buckbush reddens 'mid the mints.

O'erhead the forest scarcely stirs:
 The wind is laid: the sky is blue:
 Bush-clover, with its links of burs,
 And some last blooms,—few, pink of hue,—
 Makes wild the way: and everywhere
 Slim, white-ribbed cones of fungi strew
 The grass that's like a wildman's hair.

The jewel-weeds, whose pods bombard
 The hush with fairy batteries
 Of seeds, grow dense here; pattering hard
 Their sacs explode, persuade the eyes
 To search the heaven for show'rs.— One seems

To walk where old Enchantment plies
Her shuttle of lost days and dreams.

And, lo! yon rock of fern and flower,
That heaves its height from bramble deeps,
All on a sudden seems the tower
Wherein the Sleeping Beauty sleeps:
And that red vine, the fire-drake,
The flaming dragon, seems, that keeps
The world from her no man may wake.

EPILOGUE

Reprinted from *The Vale of Tempe*

We have worshipped two gods from our
earliest youth,
Soul of my soul and heart of me!
Young forever and true as truth —
The gods of Beauty and Poesy.
Sweet to us are their tyrannies,
Sweet their chains that have held us long,
For God's own self is a part of these,
Part of our gods of Beauty and Song.

What to us if the world revile!
What to us if its heart rejects!
It may scorn our gods, or curse with a smile,
The gods we worship, that it neglects:
Nothing to us is its blessing or curse;
Less than nothing its hate and wrong:
For Love smiles down through the universe,
Smiles on our gods of Beauty and Song.

We go our ways: and the dreams we dream
People our path and cheer us on;
And ever before is the golden gleam,

—

The star we follow, the streak of dawn:
 Nothing to us is the word men say;
 For a wiser word still keeps us strong,
 God's word, that makes fine fire of clay,
 That shaped our gods of Beauty and Song.



MALIBRAN

[1808-1836]

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

(This is the birth-year of the short-lived Italian singer Maria Felicia Garcia, who was extremely popular in Paris for a decade, and who inspired Alfred de Musset's *Stanzas to Malibran*.)

“Untimely death—A swift and dire defeat—
 A cloud that darkens Heaven's dark designs”—
 And yet, to him who reads between the lines,
 The history is long and rich and sweet.
 It tells of loud approving hands and feet,
 Of robust voices—sympathetic signs
 That charm and stimulate like precious vines;—
 Of feeling through expression made complete;—
 And then it tells,—and that is victory,—
 How this sweet stage-voice moved another voice,
 The sweetest poet-voice of sunny France,
 To crown the dead with deathless melody;
 To weep, that we who listen might rejoice,—
 Might weep and wonder, aye! and dream perchance.

Recent Publications

H. C. BAILEY.—*Colonel Greatheart*. A romance of love and fighting in the days of Roundhead and Cavalier. Illustrated by Ralph. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

MRS. WILSON WOODROW.—*The Silver Butterfly*. A novel in the lighter vein with a very cleverly developed mystery. Color illustrations by Christy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.—*A Commentary*. There is a gently insistent sympathy for the underworld in these thoughtful little sketches of sociological import that will widen the author's appeal beyond that of his strong work in fiction. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.—*The Gentleman*. The best of Marryat and Stevenson went to make this splendid romance of the sea in the days when Nelson nearly lost his honor and his land. A tale for the English navy, it will send a thrill through any man who loves a fight for a nation's right. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

ALICE MACGOWAN.—*Judith of the Cumberlands*. A homely tale of mountain life. Despite the usual mountain still and feud, the story rises to a higher plane through its description of Nature and faithful portrayal of the mountaineer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

KENNETH GRAHAME.—*The Wind in the Willows*. There is rare delight in store for the man who loves Nature as the poet, when he picks up this exquisite little romance of the Rat and the Mole. The author of *The Golden Age* has lost none of his delicacy of sentiment, nor his style its lyric charm. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

MARY R. J. DuBois.—*Poems for Travellers*. A dainty little volume of selections inspired by historic personages and places in France, Italy, Greece, etc. Many a traveller in Europe will gladly possess it. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1908.

R. W. GILDER.—*Poems*. The publishers' excellent Household Edition of the Poets is too favorably known to need comment. The editor of *The Century* well deserves to be included in it. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

MARY JOHNSTON.—*Lewis Rand*. A Virginia novel of the days of Jefferson, Hamilton and Burr. A greater book than *To Have and to Hold* through the author's firmer grasp of historical background and finer portrayal of character. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

JOHN FOX, JR.—*The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. One of the best novels to deal with the feud life of the Southern mountains. With swift strokes the author paints a canvas of strong characters in a setting of great natural beauty. The love story in weaker hands would have been impossible. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

F. LAWTON.—*François-Auguste Rodin*. This little book on the great French sculptor is not an abridgment of the author's larger work but is an entirely new sketch to suit its present plan. The treatment is historical rather than critical, although this phase, in so small a book, is fittingly discussed. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1908.

ROBERT HICHENS.—*A Spirit in Prison*. The tale that started so well in *The Call of the Blood* wanes not a whit in interest in this continuation, the scene of which is laid near Naples, whose skies and customs Hichens paints as well as Heyse. The added characters promise surely a third novel. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1908.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.—*The Testing of Diana Mal-lory*. The fine loveable traits of the writer's earlier heroines seem blended under the creative white fire into this strong and beautiful type of English woman whose devotion makes life worth while. Mrs. Ward may have written a better story from point of interest, but she has never portrayed a stronger group of characters. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1908.

HELEN A. CLARKE.—*Browning's England*. A companion book to the author's *Browning's Italy*. Delightful to read and exceedingly valuable through the intimate way in which are shown Browning's home influences from the time the lad of fourteen happened upon the stray volume of Shelley. Appropriately illustrated. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

T. N. PAGE.—*Robert E. Lee*. Mr. Page's recent *The Old Dominion* prepares one for immediate recognition of an excellent *Life* of the great Southerner. The various periods of the man who "surrendered to Duty" are given by one who loved him from boyhood but who has written of him as the historian must, with calm and without bias. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

E. V. LUCAS.—*Over Bemerton's*. English to the core is the delightful humor of this quaint and quiet tale that concerns the doings of a character after the manner of Locke, of *The Morals of Marcus*, who has returned to London after thirty odd years and taken up residence over the delectable second-hand bookstall. Every chapter reveals the author's appreciation of letters and genial insight into life. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

ANNE WARNER.—*The Temptation*. Merely a short story in symbolism, suggestive of European influence, so unlike our own is it in kind or excellence in this *genre*. A tense, unsparing unfolding of the "great passion," revealing the strange beauty and technique inherent in a story of this kind. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1908.

F. W. BAIN.—*An Incarnation of the Snow*. Old-world lore, mediæval *romans d'aventure* and a poetic fancy of unusual and exceeding charm share in the making of the author's unique and beautiful tales after the Hindu, more beautiful yet in their expression. They will be among the books that live with those who know. The faintest suggestion of *Welthumor* adds to the appeal of this one. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

RANDALL PARRISH.—*The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel*. A story of the sea, of a piratical cruise for Spanish treasure long lost in the frozen fields of the Southern ocean. The mystery of the sea and the throb of life grip the reader from beginning to end. The love story is also of absorbing interest. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

A. G. SWINBURNE.—*The Age of Shakespeare*. Swinburne in prose—and the prose of criticism too, with all the distinctive charm of Swinburne, the poet. What a delight in store for the reader. The English poet pays a debt in these little appreciations to the dramatists of Shakespeare's time that must win the gratitude of the lovers and critics of Swinburne. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1908.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.—*Pelléas and Mélisande*. Translated by Erving Winslow, with an able and clever introduction by Montrose Moses. This handsome edition of the Belgian dramatist's greatest play, if judged by his intent, following so soon upon the *première* of the Debussy opera in New York and the Damrosch interpretation of the score should find a ready public. Beautiful illustrations from the opera. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1908.

R. C. GAIGE and ALFRED HARCOURT.—*Books and Reading*. Compiled by — The editors really give to this book through their excellent arrangement of selections

and an ever-present personal note, something of the charm of creative literature. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

A. E. HANCOCK.—*John Keats*. Not exactly the *Life* one might expect at this hour, and yet the book is not a disappointment. The interesting review of Keats' life contains many an original estimate of his work which most readers will accept. The book is of the same format as Greenslet's recent excellent *Life of Aldrich*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.—*The Divine Comedy* and *The New Life*. This beautiful edition in the *Thin Paper Poet Series* will easily rank with the many exquisite editions of the publishers and find a place among the select books of the lovers of priceless literature. The Carey and Rossetti translations have been deservedly used. Their notes have been corrected and supplemented by Professor Kuhns, whose introduction is written in a simple, direct and pleasing style. The book is furnished with a Dante frontispiece after the Giotto painting. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1908.

VERNON LEE.—*Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*. The author's name is one to conjure with in the desire to know Italian life, art and letters. Were it not so, it would seem incredible that these unrevised studies could have been written twenty-five years ago. The sister arts of music and literature, not entirely restricted to Italy of the century of Metastasio and Gozzi are interpreted with wide survey and sympathy, and whatever incoherencies there may be — these are hard to find — one will readily pardon as early opinions of an unusual interpretative genius. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

MANY a man lives a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of a man, preserved and stored up in books ; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. — JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)